The CASTLE of LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VERSEY

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"If you were asking that service of Ernest Haddon it is possible that he might do it. But if you are asking Ernest Haddon to stoop to dishonor—to masquerade in a character to which he has no right—"

"Ernest Haddon will still do that service."

We faced each other. Our eyes met in defiance. Will beat against will; an aggressive purpose against stubborn resistance. Again I saw those beautiful lips curve in a cruel smile; the eyes burn with a baneful light.

Was she so confident of her prey? Did she think that I should fall so easy a victim to her basilisk smile? If so, she erred woefully. Her beauty left me absolutely unmoved. Rather it repelled. The savage nature of the tigress showed too plainly in that instant.

"But at least you will listen to my plan?"

"Yes," I replied slowly, gazing thoughtfully at the flickering logs, "I will listen to your plan. Like yourself, I have gone too far to retreat. But remember, when you have told me all, the armed truce may be followed by open warfare."

"Do you always give warning to your victims before you trap them?" she demanded, both contemptuous and curious.

"When I am a guest at their houses, madam."

The door opened. Dr. Starva shuffled stealthily into the room. She met his distrustful glance with perfect sangfroid.

"And our visitor, this brave Captain Forbes?" she demanded lightly. "Is he as persistent as at Vitznau?"

"Bah, he annoys me, this brave captain," sneered Starva. "He comes again to ask foolish questions. But I answer him; yes, I answer him this time. For to-night, at least, we shall have peace."

Not without trepidation I thought of the shuffling feet and the shout. Dr. Starva, when crossed, would not be nice in surmounting an obstacle. Either he thought me beneath contempt or a great fool. I could have wished that I were armed in this Castle of Happiness. A few hours ago the atmosphere of the Middle Ages had clung to it and had enchanted me. But if its inmates resorted to the violent methods of that period I might be less fascinated.

Dr. Starva again seated himself at his instrument. Madame de Varnier accompanied him as if nothing unusual had happened.

I looked thoughtfully at this dangerous couple. The morrow promised much. The three of us were at cross-purposes. Each was playing his desperate game. Which of us was to conquer?

It was not long before the little concert came to an end. The enthusiasm of Dr. Starva was not proof against the emotions of the past hour. Candles were rung for. I bade them both a quiet good night, and followed the lackey who preceded me to my chamber.

I welcomed the hours of sleep. To-morrow my nerves would need to be steady. But the surprises of the day were to be followed by still another.

On my pillow was a folded piece of paper. It was a message; I could not doubt that. But when I had read it I was completely mystified in two particulars:

Who had placed the message on my pillow?

Did the sender really believe that I was Sir Mortimer?

"If Sir Mortimer Brett will call at the Grand hotel to-morrow at ten for Mr. Robinson Locke, Sir Mortimer will receive news of importance."

That was the message.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Mysterious Signal.

So Locke, as well as Forbes, had traced us to Alterhoffen! Was their arrival here, so soon after ourselves, merely a coincidence? Or could they have traveled together? Locke had certainly given me to understand that he had never seen Sir Mortimer or his mother and sister. Nor had I reason to suppose that he knew the king's messenger—at least two days ago.

If it were true that he had met none of these people previous to my leaving Lucerne, if it were true that he did not know them even now—what could have brought Locke hither?

One of three things might have happened:

Locke may have been keeping a vigilant watch on the movements of the Countess Sarahoff.

Captain Forbes might have traced us here yesterday and have joined forces with Locke.

Or Locke may have been watching me, rather than Madame de Varnier, and have posted after me, rather than after herself and her companion.

It required little imagination to reason out the affair.

Two days ago he had seen me conversing on apparently intimate terms with the Countess Sarahoff, a notorious adventuress. He came to my hotel to warn me against her; I had received his warnings lightly enough. That very evening I dined with the woman; I took the boat for Vitznau, if not in her company, in the company of Dr. Starva, whom he must have often seen with her at Lucerene. The knowledge of these facts would bring him to the scene at Vitznau.

And then? The most startling discoveries might be his.

Say that he had actually traced me as far as Vitznau. He would have made inquiries yesterday for Ernest Haddon. From whom else could he make these inquiries but the concierge? And he would learn—what? The mysterious secret that it was not really Ernest Haddon who had come to the hotel, but Sir Mortimer Brett, passing under the name of Ernest Haddon. Yes; the concierge would tell him the truth, according to his lights. An old newspaper man like Locke would be satisfied with no vague evasions.

If Locke, then, had made certain that I had entered the hotel the evening before, that I had occupied the suite of Sir Mortimer Brett, the truth would flash on him. He would then be forced to one or two conclusions: either that I was a great fool to be so guileless a victim, or that I was a much more cunning rogue than he had thought.

"Madam never rises until after her second breakfast," replied the man. "But Dr. Starva has asked me to say that he is at your Excellency's disposal."

"He is very good," I yawned, and dismissed him.

Now that Madame de Varnier was not to be seen for the present, I wished I might have slept longer. It was too late to keep the doubtful appointment with Locke, even had I wished. But I did not wish to keep it. First of all must come Madame de Varnier's story. Afterwards, events must shape their course as they would.

But it was impossible to sleep again; the glare of the light was unendurable. The noise of the river Aare seemed to rise in a steady crescendo.

I dressed leisurely, for I was determined not to leave the chateau until I had seen Madame de Varnier. And yet I had no desire for the company of Dr. Starva. I looked about for a book or magazine to beguile the hours before luncheon.

Half a dozen awaited my perusal, most of them yellow-backed French novels. One book, however, was in English. "The Foreign Office List and Diplomatic and Consular Handbook," I read curiously. I turned to Sir Mortimer Brett.

"Sir Mortimer Brett, K.G.M.G.; C.B.; M.A., All Souls College, Oxford, 1879. Competitive examination and clerk of F. O., May 31, 1880. 3d Sec. Mad., 1883. Precis Writer to the late Marquis of Salisbury. Sec. State for Foreign Affairs, 1886. Transferred St. Petersburg, 2d Sec., 1886. Allowance for knowledge of Russian, May, 1887. Charge d'affaires, Jan., 1888. Transferred Constantinople. Allowance for Turkish granted. Consul General, 1902."

I read the list of Sir Mortimer's honors with a strange catching of the breath. His progress in his profession had been extraordinary. That he was a zealous and ambitious diplomat was proven by the one fact that twice his salary had been increased because he had mastered two of the most difficult languages in the world. That fact also proved that he owed his promotion not so much to influence at Court as to his own determination. He was a student as well as a diplomatist. It gave me a distinct shock that such a man should be so weak as to succumb to the beauty of a clever adventuress.

Again I read at random:

"The flag to be used by His Majesty's Diplomatic Servants, whether on shore or embarked on boats or other vessels, is the Union, with the Royal Arms in the center thereof, surrounded by a green garland—"

My eyes skipped down the page. The uniform of the consul general was fully described. The cocked hat was to be without binding—the fan or back part eleven inches, the cockade plain bullion-gold tassels, edging of black ostrich feather—I skipped that, too. I was not interested in millinery. But presently my eye wandered to this paragraph. I began to read it not without uneasiness:

"Official Act of Parliament to prevent a Disclosure of Documents and Information: Any person found guilty of a breach of official trust, of purloining or obtaining under false pretenses papers of State, and found guilty of the same, shall be convicted of high treason. Any person interfering with His Majesty's Diplomatic Servants in their official business, either by the giving of false information, the assuming of any of their prerogatives or rights—"

I have never learned the awful fate of a person guilty of these misdemeanors. The book slipped from my hand. Above the clamor of the stream below I had heard a faint shout.

Twice it was repeated. Alarmed, I went to the window and looked down. At first I thought some one had fallen into the river. But the shout had not come from below. I could be sure of this, because on the opposite side of the Aare was a narrow esplanade. Benches were placed at intervals, and there were beds of flowers to break the monotony of the gravel walk. The esplanade was deserted but for one person, a woman, and she was seated, her parasol shielding her from the sun and from my view.

Again I heard the shout, and still again. I listened, breathless. But the mysterious cry was no longer repeated.

Puzzled, I stood at the window, leaning far out, but I could discover sign of no person at such of the windows as I could command. My glance fell idly to the woman sunning herself on the opposite bank. And as I looked, a tiny shaft of light arrested my attention.

It was scarcely larger than my hand, but it seemed endowed with elfish intelligence. For it moved, it danced. And always in the direction of the woman with the parasol.

Now it crawled slowly along the graveled walk in a direct line from the river bank toward her. Now it burned, a shining mark, motionless. Then it darted about in circles, and always close to the woman as if to engage her attention. A minute, five minutes passed, while I watched the eccentric gyrations of this extraordinarily intelligent shaft of light. Over and over its antics were repeated.

The woman's parasol was tilted carelessly back for a moment. The narrow beam of light seized its opportunity. It played fantastically on the dress of the woman. Now at last she had seen it. It flashed upward toward her face. She looked about vaguely, then toward the chateau walls. Now I had seen her face.

It was Helena Brett.

I struck my forehead, impatient at my stupidity. It was Captain Forbes who had shouted. He had seen Helena Brett; he had vainly attempted to make her hear. But the roaring river had drowned his cry. That I had heard it, proved that he was nearer to me than to her. Yes; in this chateau, and a prisoner.

He was signaling that fact to her. Every schoolboy knows the trick. The reflection of the sun's rays on a mirror will carry a tolerable distance.

But now that he had attracted her attention, would she look up and see him? If by chance that were possible, would she understand?

Fascinated, I saw the little beam of light tell its story eloquently and ingeniously.

She Looked About Vaguely, Then Toward the Chateau Walls.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Startling Message.

She had looked up, only to be blinded by the dancing flame. She held her hands before her eyes. The flame persistently annoyed her. She moved from her seat. It pursued her.

Again she looked up; and even from this height I could see that she was frowning in her anger and annoyance.

She seated herself at another bench. But she could not shake off her tormentor. It no longer beat on her face and person; it moved steadily toward her, then traveled along the path of the promenade; trespassed into the garden of a cottage; shot by the cottage itself; halted at a huge wooden signboard, on which was inscribed a long advertisement in French proclaiming the exalted merits of a Swiss chocolate.

It zigzagged tremulously across the signboard. It paused at a capital letter I.

Helena had watched it curiously until it disappeared into the garden. Then she had lost interest in its movements, and had once more scanned anxiously the chateau opposite.

Patiently and persistently the little beam of light repeated its antics. Again it moved, swiftly this time, to the signboard. And now she turned in her seat and watched it until it again paused at the letter I.

Twice the mirror was flashed on the billboard; twice it pased at the letter I. It disappeared, to reappear at A. From A it darted swiftly to M. Another pause and again it vanished. Once more it pointed to A; once more it vanished.

When it climbed the signboard again, it wandered vaguely about as if seeking a letter. After some hesitation the mirror's reflection fell on P. Thence it shot to R. Again it hesitated, but it last settled on I. Once more it selected S. Thence in quick succession came O, N, E, R.

"I AM A PRISONER," it had spelled.

But while Helena and I were still staring at the board, the shaft of light darted in feverish haste from letter to letter until it had spelled another word:

"F-O-R-B-E-S."

The king's messenger had been an English officer, and one of the first military duties a boy learns at Sandhurst or Woolwich is heliographing. When, therefore, Captain Forbes had seen Helena across the river and had realized the futility of his shouting, being a man of wit and resource he had told of the imprisonment in this happy method.

He had flashed his message successfully. Helena understood. She looked upward toward the chateau, nodded excitedly, and again eagerly watched the signboard. She was not to be disappointed. The message was not quite complete. These two words were added:

"G-E-T H-E-L-P."

Helena made a gesture of comprehension, and walked rapidly in the direction of the village.

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

Australia has but a single beast of prey, the dingo, or wild dog.

ALL ON THE HOOKS

Wesley Jacobs, farmer, living on Hook Record, shot into a flock of wild geese, which rose from a marshy inlet of Passaic river, and brought down two. He was surprised a moment later to see no other goose rise in the air again and again, only to fall to the ground.

Upon investigation Jacobs discovered that the goose was caught on a set line nearly 500 feet long with 50 hooks set at intervals. A section of the line was on the land and the goose had swallowed one of the baits.

Following up the line Jacobs found it drawn into a hole under a stump. Pulling the line, he dragged out of the hole a snapping otter and an 18-inch pound German carp.

TRUE SORROW

With bleeding heart, he yearned to go
Where barefoot laddies wade and shout;
He fain would drop his work and find
The gladness that he dreams about!
But as the thought within him burns
To drop the stick and run away,
Ma comes upon the porch and says:
"I think we'll plant those seeds to-day!"
Ah, Fate, how cold and harsh thou art,
To make a boy stay home and swish
A blamed old carpet with a club,
When he could be a-ketching fish!
But, there she stands without the door,
And pausing with her broom a bit;
"Now, give the under side some more,
And I think you're done with it!"
He turns the carpet inside out,
and beats it with an aching arm,
While from the woodland and the plain,
There wafts a zephyr born of charm!
Ah, galley slave upon the oar,
Thy task was never rue like this,
When all the world was calling you
And throwing you her nectared kiss!
Thy sorrows never knew the depths,
That come to lads who whack away
Upon the worn and dingy rugs
Their mothers make them beat today!
And there's the garden seeds to sow—
Ah, cruel Fate! Ah, fickle rhyme!
To make our Willie stay at home
And beat a rug in fishing time!

The Thinker Knows.

Only the man whose hands never touch the realities of life despairs of human progress or doubts the providence of God.—Albert J. Beveridge.

UNION LABOR DEPARTMENT

Under the Auspices of the OGDEN TRADES ASSEMBLY

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THE BOYCOTT IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

(New York Call.)

Senator Spooner, Presidents Hadley and Eliot, to say nothing of Post, Parry and Van Cleave and other gentlemen who wax eloquent or hysterical in denouncing the boycott as "hostile to the spirit of American institutions," presume to forget the American history they must have learned in grammar school, if not at their mothers' knees. In fact, one of the most striking episodes of the early struggle for American independence took the form of a boycott—a boycott which directly affected innocent persons in order that through them it might strike and injure the real enemy—a boycott, it may be added, which involved coercion of "the disinterested public" and was even accompanied by physical violence.

When the British government resolved to make the American colonists contribute to the public revenues by imposing a slight tax upon tea and certain other articles imported into America, and yet refused to allow the colonists the right of representation and self-government which they desired, the advocates of independence—who were then but a minority of the population, but a very active and efficient minority as well as a growing one—did not confine themselves to passive resistance or moral suasion. They did not at once appeal to arms, because they knew they had not yet the strength to make such an appeal successful, and because they believed their purpose might be accomplished without actual insurrection.

The word "boycott" was then unknown. But the thing, by whatever name it might be called, suggested itself to the patriots as the best means to defeat the government, either by the home government to surrender its pretensions to tax the colonists without granting them representation or else by provoking it to more drastic measures which would incite the masses of the colonial population to demand and work and fight for national independence.

Without any sanction of law—nay, in plain defiance of the law—they organized societies whose members were pledged not to buy a pound of tea or any other article upon which duty had been paid. They carried on a vigorous agitation to extend the membership of these societies and enforce their pledge. They did not stop with this. They branded every man or woman who refused to accept the pledge and boycott duty-paying articles as an enemy of freedom and a traitor to colonial interests. They made the name "loyalist" as odious as "scab" or "blackleg" has ever since become. They ostracised those who bought duty-paying goods, refused to trade with them, to give them employment, to maintain social lampoons against them, mocked and insulted them in public meetings, in the streets, even in the churches, and by all means sought to compel those whom they could not persuade to join in the boycott.

In a double sense this policy worked injury to others than the British government, against which it was directly aimed. In so far as it succeeded in cutting off the sales of tea and other dutiable articles, it caused heavy loss to British and American merchants who had, in the ordinary course of their legitimate business, bought such goods and imported them and paid the duty on them as required by law. On a still larger scale did boycott injure vast numbers of colonists who cared nothing about independence or representation, who did not mind paying a few pence a year in taxes, and only wanted to be let alone to live their lives in their own way without meddling in politics or being meddled with by politicians. These were, against their own will, forced to take sides and either to share the hardships and help bear the burdens of the struggle for independence or else to endure persecution at the hands of the active patriots.

Nor did the boycotters stop even here. On more than one occasion they resorted to intimidation or violence against revenue officers, against merchants who submitted to the imposition of duties or against citizens who sympathized with the government. One particular riot committed by these boycotters has been immortalized in our school histories and in patriotic song and story and has been held up before us in our childhood days as a splendid example of civic virtue on the part of our Puritan forefathers, under the name of the Boston Tea Party.

We would only remind the eminent gentlemen who now discuss the labor question and declaim against the boycott as being inhuman, cruel and cowardly un-American, and we know not what else, that they are treading on dangerous ground, that if the boycott is to be condemned, many of the brightest names in our natural history will have to be blackened along with those of the labor unionists of today.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. They that won't be counseled cannot be helped.—Benjamin Franklin.

We may add also that they deprive many others of the help they so greatly need.

GOOD COMES OF EVIL.

Many times, that which is intended to injure another acts as a boomerang and reflects back upon its author. For a long time the trades unions have employed the "unfair" list, which was more or less effective, as is evidenced by the manner in which some of our enemies brought it, and finally succeeded in securing a swaping injunction against it, thinking thereby to effectually crush, or at least to materially cripple the powers of union labor in opposing them. But they will find that instead of meeting their expectations, such decisions of the higher courts have only acted as a stimulous to union labor throughout the country; and in consequence, the Ogden Trades and Labor Assembly has abolished the "unfair" list and propose, from this time on, to speak a good word for our friends instead of advertising our enemies or even mentioning those who are unfair to us. So, while we have been imposed upon and injured to a degree by these adverse decisions, and had taken from us, as we thought, one of our strongest weapons of defense, yet that very evil which was intended for us will reflect back upon the other fellow. Being thus deprived of one powerful weapon, we have found a greater one in telling the general public, who are our friends, and from whom they can get union labor and where they can secure union made goods. The carpenters are the first to submit a list of friends, and by calling upon any of the following firms you can secure milling work bearing the union stamp, or building done by union labor: C. J. Humphris, Geo. Whitmyer, Fleeman Construction Co., Flewelling Building Co., Newton & Burnham, C. J. Dinsmore, Ogden Planing Mill Co., Koch & Strepper, King & Smith and Peter Venada.

By patronizing these firms, you patronize the most skilled and best paid labor in our city.

Now who will be the next to submit a list.

Don't forget the Carpenter's grand ball on January 27, at the Royal Dancing academy. They need the money. So, don't forget. A splendid time is always assured when the wood "butchers" are at the wheel.

The legislative committee of the Utah State Federation of Labor held a meeting last Tuesday in Salt Lake City, at which ways and means were discussed looking to the introduction of several bills in the present legislature. It will be no trouble to do so, for there are several senators and representatives who are willing to help us; but it will be useless to do so unless some one is there to go before committees and explain why we want these measures passed, etc. This requires some more money than we have on hand at this time and unless the various unions remit their per capita tax immediately the committee may fail to accomplish what they have set out to do. It takes some money to do things, and if you, brothers, do not take enough interest in this matter to furnish the funds, you need not expect the committee to do much. You will be the great losers. Come, now, get busy. This has been too long delayed already.

WATER—AND RESULTS

That for which we have contended, and which we have tried to advocate has at last come to pass at last, in a measure. On Dec. 6, 1908, in the article, "give every man his due," wa said. "If the present rate of profit were applied to the actual capital invested, there would be a great surplus. So, when the water is squeezed out of stocks and a reasonable profit is made, you will see wages go up and living expenses come down.

The man with a barrel of water with a little money in it is principally responsible for high prices." We did not know then just to what extent our views might be shared by others; but we have since learned that we are not alone—that even some high in authority hold the same views. It is claimed by many, and perhaps all, public service corporations, that the people, through the courts and legislatures have no right to attempt to control or regulate their business or to complain of the profits they make; but, as the people, through their public servants, have made it possible for these concerns to establish and maintain their business, they, the people, have a right to refuse to be mulcted out of their property in the payment of exhorbitant rates of profits. Then, it has been the custom of almost all corporations, to, at intervals, when the profits might look too large, to increase their stocks or capitalization without adding to the value of their property; this is called "watering" the concern, and in this way they are able to keep the rate of profit down.

So then, the people are mulcted of their property in the payment of dividends on supposed values that do not exist; in other words, the people have given these institutions franchises and other property and practically set them up in business, only to be robbed by them. Therefore, it is but just to the people, that, after having placed these "clubs" in the hands of, unfortunately, dishonest men, they should have some "strings" attached, with which to control them. We do not desire to do any injustice to any one, but from the fact that at least a part of the property owned by all corporations belonged, originally, to the people, they have a perfect right to share in the profits, or to compel the corporation to accept a charge sufficiently low to meet a reasonable rate of profit on the actual money invested. But the institutions have caught the people both coming and going. They "swell" their values in order to keep the rate of profit down and at the same time to make more in the aggregate, except one day in the year, and that is when they see the assessor coming; then the values shrink amazingly that they may escape paying their just proportion of the taxes, and the people have to pay just that much more.

So long as the majority of the people desire to keep the competition system in vogue, they cannot and will not object to paying a reasonable rate of profit on actual investment. But the question is, what is a reasonable rate and who has the power and authority to fix it.

The supreme court of New York has undertaken to answer these questions, in its decision on what is known as the "N. Y. gas case." In line with our contentions, the court decided that actual value must be the basis of estimates of capitalization. They propose that the "water" shall be all poured out (for that don't cost anything except when drawn from a hydrant) and that the valuation shall include the realty, equipment and franchise of the concern (which the people always gives them.)

on this fair and equitable estimate of actual values, the net earnings shall not be more than six per cent; and when the state fixes the charges that they must be adhered to until experience shows them to be either too high or inadequate.

We cannot see how anyone can object to this ruling, for the right of both the people and the corporations are protected, and we feel sure that the conditions that would necessarily follow decisions of this character all over the country, would be gratifying. The people have too long paid enormous tribute to greedy, grasping, avaricious and unfeeling corporations. Let us call a halt, and at least partly reverse the order and give the under "dog" a chance. We await more laws of this character and decisions upholding them.

THE HEN STRIKE.

Oh, lowly hen,
In my back yard,
To strike at such
A time is hard.
Have I not come
At early morn
Day after day
To feed you corn?
Have I not done
My very best
To build for you
A cosy nest?
And when the nights
Were cold and raw,
Have I not lined
Your coop with straw?

Oh, balky hen,
To you I've been
A faithful friend.
Each week I clean
Your cosy house.
And monthly, too,
With whitewash I
Tint it anew.
What further favors
Would you ask
Before you'll start
Your daily task?
It is your master
Now who begs,
Call off your strike
And give me eggs.

Come, lowly hen,
Let's arbitrate;
I'm paying you
The union rate.
Your labor is not
Skilled, I say,
Most any hen
An egg can lay,
Back to your nests!
Go, lowly hen,
And start producing
Eggs again.
Today I put
It up to you,
Lay on! or I'll
Have chicken stew.

—Detroit Free Press.

FATHER HAS LEARNED LESSON.

Never Again Will Fetch His Daughter's Young Man from the Train.

A Louisville business man who recently took a summer home about 12 miles in the country had an adventure the other night that has, he says, taught him to not do too much for young fellows who might be calling on his daughter.

"The other night," says he, "I allowed the coachman to go, and did not discover until after he had gone that my daughter was expecting a young man caller. There was nothing to do but to hitch up the horse myself and go to the station to meet him.

"When the car rolled in, just one youngster alighted, and as he answered the description of the fellow coming to see my daughter I sauntered up to him and inquired if he might be Mr. ——.

"'How did you know?' replied the chap with a tone of disgust at being addressed thus by the 'coachman.'

"The caller was loaded into the carriage and the journey to the house was begun. To break the ice I told him I had understood that he was in a certain line of business, and again came the haughty: 'How did you know?'

"During the remainder of the journey the young man sang popular songs. When we arrived at the house I put the caller out and proceeded to the stable to put up the horse. After this work had been completed I returned to the house just in time to overhear the young man ask my daughter:

"'Who was that fresh guy that brought me over here to-night?'

"When told that the 'fresh guy' was her father, I thought the caller would wilt, and then I decided to put in an appearance about that time. He jumped up and said that if he had known I wanted to put up the horse he would certainly have helped. My advice to fathers—and I shall hereafter stick to what I am preaching—is never to go to all that trouble for a young man caller, when that person has two good legs that can carry him from the station to the house. That young man certainly walked back to the station that night."—Louisville Times.

Ceremony of Calling in Spain.

Calling in Spain bristles with ceremony. When a first visit is paid, the hostess says at parting: "Your honor has taken possession of your house, for all I have is yours."

If anything during the call is admired, the remark follows at once: "It is at your disposal."

The answer to which must be: "I hope my hostess will enjoy it for many years."

When means allow of it, a woman has her box at the theater. In this the scene between the acts often resembles an "at home," while at the end of the play visiting is carried on for an hour or more while the audience is nominally awaiting its carriages.

A hardship in a Spanish woman's life is the long period of mourning into which she is plunged for even quite distant relatives. For a cousin, seen perhaps but once, and who has died a hundred miles away, black is worn for a year, during which time all visiting is stopped, the piano is locked and no one looks out of the window.

Reward of the Worthy.

Newman: After weariness come rest, peace, joy, if we be worthy.